
Title: Suite 3

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was the driving force
behind the community,
which soon grew over a
hundred active members.
Moonglow was teeming
with life as new mages
joined everyday, there
would be tournaments and
tests of skill but all of
this in a friendly
atmosphere, it wasn't a
game, we were playing,
just like kids do. How
better can it get, learn
a most powerful and
useful art, while playing.
We never seemed to see
it as a labor to practice
over and over the same
incantations until we got
them just right, it was
such a passionate moment
in my youth. I was so
enlightened by the grace
which this man seemed to
radiate that it made me
forgive all about my
pathetic youth, where I
was often ridiculed by
the other kids for my
frail appearance, or
my lack of any will to
look 'cool' or 'seduce'. I
forgave so much that I
soon found myself
ascending, and helping
other younger players to
get on with magery
training. I also found
myself pleasing the ladies
of the guild with my
joyful stories and soon
enough one of them
offered me to share a
house, where I could
access to all their
belongings, I had earned a
true form of trust and

this made me very much
receptive to the world
around me, us being all
avatars seemed to
somehow show more about
ourselves than any other
way of being. It was in
the rythm and pace of
the discussions, hidden
between the lines of
tought, there was
something I could perceive
and soon enough Tifftric
realised it, and he
started teaching me what
he tought it was all
about. There was no
implicit corruption in
anything here, there was
some dark and mean
creatures, murderers, but
somehow all seemed
necessary to the forming
of stronger communities,
wich seemed like a noble
goal. Sadly this would not
last... after a while of
sharing these most
profound insights with a
kindred spirit everything
seemed to get more and
more complicated, not as
in bad, rather like a
sticky feeling, for the
first time we started to
enjoy lag sometimes, we
even tought it might be
something that could play
in our advantage. Some
murderers started
striking often at the
tower, the tourneys
showed up more and more
competition. I must admit
I was fooled by it all, to
me it seemed inevitable,
the earth plane which I
had seen clairvoyantly was
like this, so I assumed a
fractal universe would
show similar patterns.
But Tifftric was adamant
that this was not
supposed to happen, he
seemed to grow a bit
obcessed as time went
by, trying to find out
what was the root of it

all. A strange moral dilemma brought a new character in the scene. After seeing 5 mage tower mages kill a group of 20 very well trained murderers, Tifftric really was starting to have us experience what he meant when he said that lag was linked with ethereal magic flow in many ways. It was not a question of pure timing, when a wave of lag would hit, if you were patient enough to wait at the right moment and had a keen intuition, you would turn it out to your advantage while the other would waste his mana. So a curious new member came about with the name of Virul Lord. A strange name I thought, lord being usually a title, he named himself that way and seemed to dislike me much. He wished to be very close to tifftric and did everything to win his favors, I don't think Tifftric ever really trusted him, but he let him be an emissary for the guild and climb slowly to great fame. Then one night Tifftric came to see me, and he did not even want to talk to me in the tower, he brought me at the old hungry halfling tavern where he started to mumble about being too stupid to see it coming, and that now it was all a big mess because of his stupidity ; he was so angry and stressed that I could barely make sense of it all. He showed me how to keep the eternal flame alive in case something